

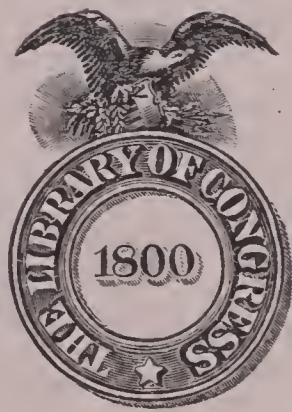
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LITTLE SALLY DUTCHER

A TRUE STORY

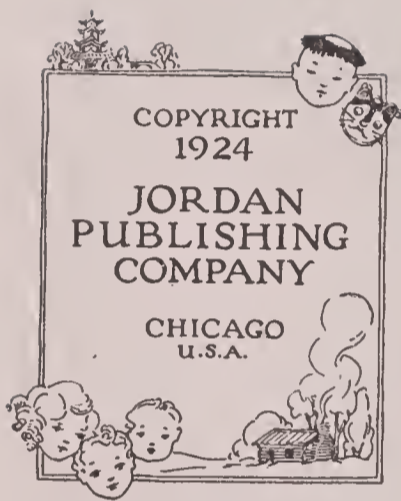
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DEDICATION



To that brave and loyal heroine of the early days of our great country,

SALLY DUTCHER,

This book is lovingly dedicated.



PREFACE



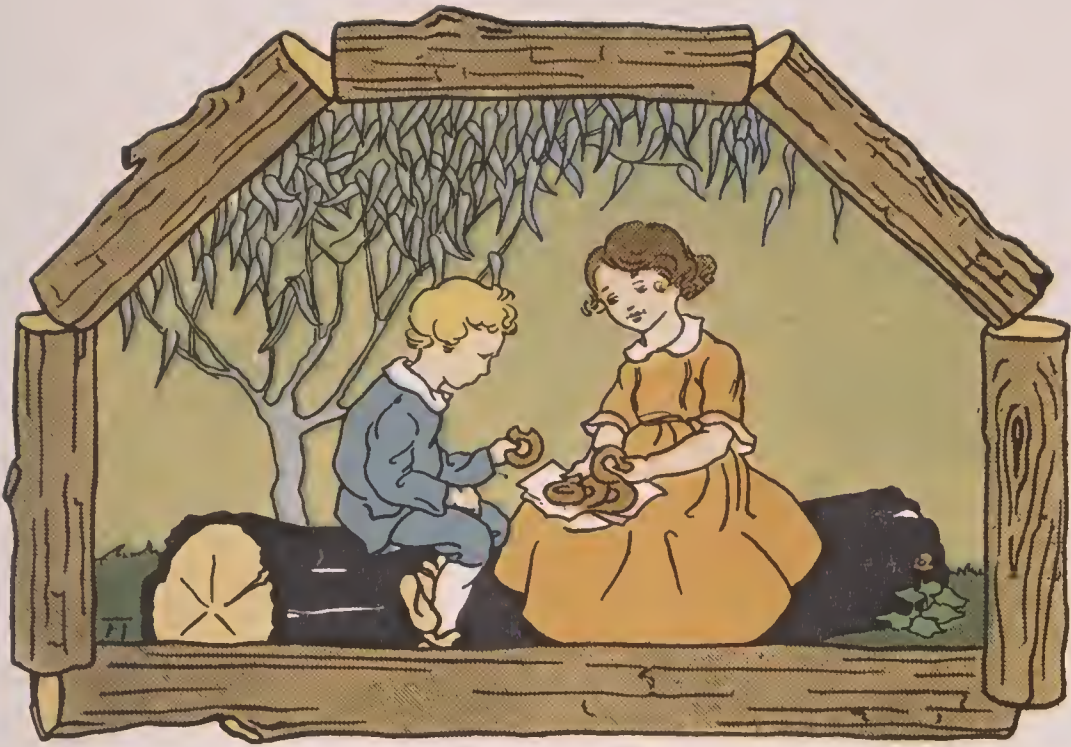
INCREASED understanding and pleasure are ours when the beauty and mystery of other lives are unfolded to us. To those of us who live in comfort and even luxury, the lack of bare necessities which marked the pioneer days of our country would seem a hardship, if not a calamity.

But it is to those brave and fearless pioneers that we are indebted for the great cities, our towns, churches, schools and factories of today. They were the vanguard of our present civilization. They felled the trees, cleared the land, made roads, and conquered wild men and beasts that we might live in comfort and safety.

It is into one of these advance guards of civilization that we are permitted to look intimately for a time in the story of *LITTLE SALLY DUTCHER*. Something of the spirit of cheer and courage in meeting danger and hardship is conveyed to the reader, and he cannot close the book without admiring and honoring those sturdy founders of the world's greatest nation.

This is a true story of the period immediately following the American Revolution. In it is depicted the romance of the first westward urge which was replete with adventure. The heroine, Sally Dutcher, was a real person whose name will forever stand as a type of the strength and sweetness of the pioneer girl and woman.

If the story of her early life entertains you, the aim of the author has been accomplished, and if your appreciation of the early history of our country and its pioneers is increased, then *LITTLE SALLY DUTCHER* will have reason to be satisfied.



Little Sally Dutcher

PART ONE



“COME, children, wake up,” called mother from the foot of the ladder, for the children slept in the loft in the summer time.

“Yes, mother,” answered Sally. Then, to her sleeping brother:

“Wake up, Joe. See, the sun is over the top of the hill already.”

Sally bounded across the floor, and seized a pillow from her brother’s bed and pounded him playfully. Joe scrambled out and there was a tussle for a few moments, before he took the pillow away from his sister.

“I’ll race you getting dressed and down the ladder,” he said.

“That isn’t fair. You haven’t got curls to comb out and I have. Mother makes me do it every morning,” said Sally.

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With a gleeful whoop, Joe climbed down the ladder to the one room below, which was dining room, kitchen, living room and bedroom combined. For Sally's and Joe's mother and father were settlers in the early days of our country, and their home was a log cabin with a single room.

"Joe, get me a pail of water," said mother.

"Sally, turn these pancakes, and be careful not to burn yourself," for Sally had appeared, her shining hair neatly combed.

Everywhere in the little square cabin was cheer, with preparations for the new day busily under way.

"Sit right down, father. You must get an early start for the settlement."

It was a rare event for father to ride to the nearest settlement, twenty miles away, for supplies. He had to make the trip on Molly, the white mare, because the path was so rough and narrow that it was impossible to drive a wagon through the woods. The early settlers did not own any other conveyance.

Joe brought the pail of water, but, in his hurry, he spilled it, and was sent back to the spring for another.

"My father used to tell me 'haste makes waste,' son," said Mr. Dutcher, for that was Joe's father's name.

If Joe was careless, Sally was not, for she turned pancakes with a steady hand, like the little housekeeper she was. Soon a great brown pile of cakes was heaped upon a platter, and breakfast was ready.

"Father, will you bring me home a knife? You know I will be five years old this summer," asked Joe.

"I should like to have a dress for my doll, please," said Sally.

"Children, you must be patient and see what father can bring home for you. You know we need flour and tea in exchange for the otter skins father is taking to the settlement."

"Maybe I can find something sweet to bring to my little folks; that ought to be a treat," replied father.

"Yes, indeed," cried Joe and Sally in one breath. "We haven't had any sugar since Christmas."



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Soon breakfast was over. The mare was saddled and waiting at the door. Such hurrying to get the last bundle tied to the saddle. There were the otter skins to be exchanged for flour. There was father's powder horn and flint lock for protection from wild animals and Indians, no white man being safe without a gun at hand. Father's was slung across the pommel of the saddle.

"Wait, father, you are forgetting your dried biscuit and meat. You will not be back until late."

So father, with his knapsack on his back, after many kisses and laughter, was ready to start. He turned to wave good-bye before he disappeared among the trees.

"I wish daddy didn't have to go," sobbed Joe. You may think Joe was a coward to want his father to stay home, but, young though he was, Joe had heard of Indians who did not like the white men.

"Come, children," said mother. "We have a great deal to do today. Mother is baking bread, and will need plenty of wood for the fire."

The children needed no second bidding. With little arms piled high they sped from wood pile to fireplace until mother said she had enough.

Outside, the world was new and tender with early summer. The birds sang overhead or called to each other from tree to tree. The sunshine touched the leaves with loving gentleness. Through the trees, the clear blue water of the lake sparkled and danced. The air was warm and sweet with the scent of flowers and moist earth.

"Oh, Joey, isn't it lovely? I could just sniff the air forever."

"Huh, I would rather eat than sniff," said Joe in disgust.

A long wail rose on the still morning air. Joe and Sally ran into the cabin and to the cradle, where baby John was just waking up.

Sally picked up her little brother from his wooden cradle.

"Mother, may I bathe baby brother this morning? You said I might when you were busy."

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“Are you sure he is not too heavy for you, Sally?” her mother asked.

“Oh, no,” she answered.

In that day little girls were taught to wash, cook and sew from their earliest years. Sally bathed her little brother as carefully as his mother might have. Then, she placed him in his cradle for his morning nap.

Joe stood by as his mother kneaded great lumps of dough, soon to be baked into loaves of fragrant bread. He never tired of watching the soft mass spread and shape under his mother’s hands.

Meanwhile Sally had cleared away the breakfast things and washed the dishes. She was too short to reach to the cupboard where the dishes belonged, so she set them upon the table for mother to put away. Joe swept the floor with a home-made broom.

“We will have a hot stew ready for father when he comes home tonight,” said mother. “Let me see, where is my copper kettle?”

Mother and children looked everywhere but they could not find the great shining copper kettle.

Suddenly mother said, “Now I remember where my copper kettle is. I let Granny Tuttle have it when she put up her strawberry preserves. How I wish I had it.”

“Can’t we go to granny’s and get it for you?” Sally asked.

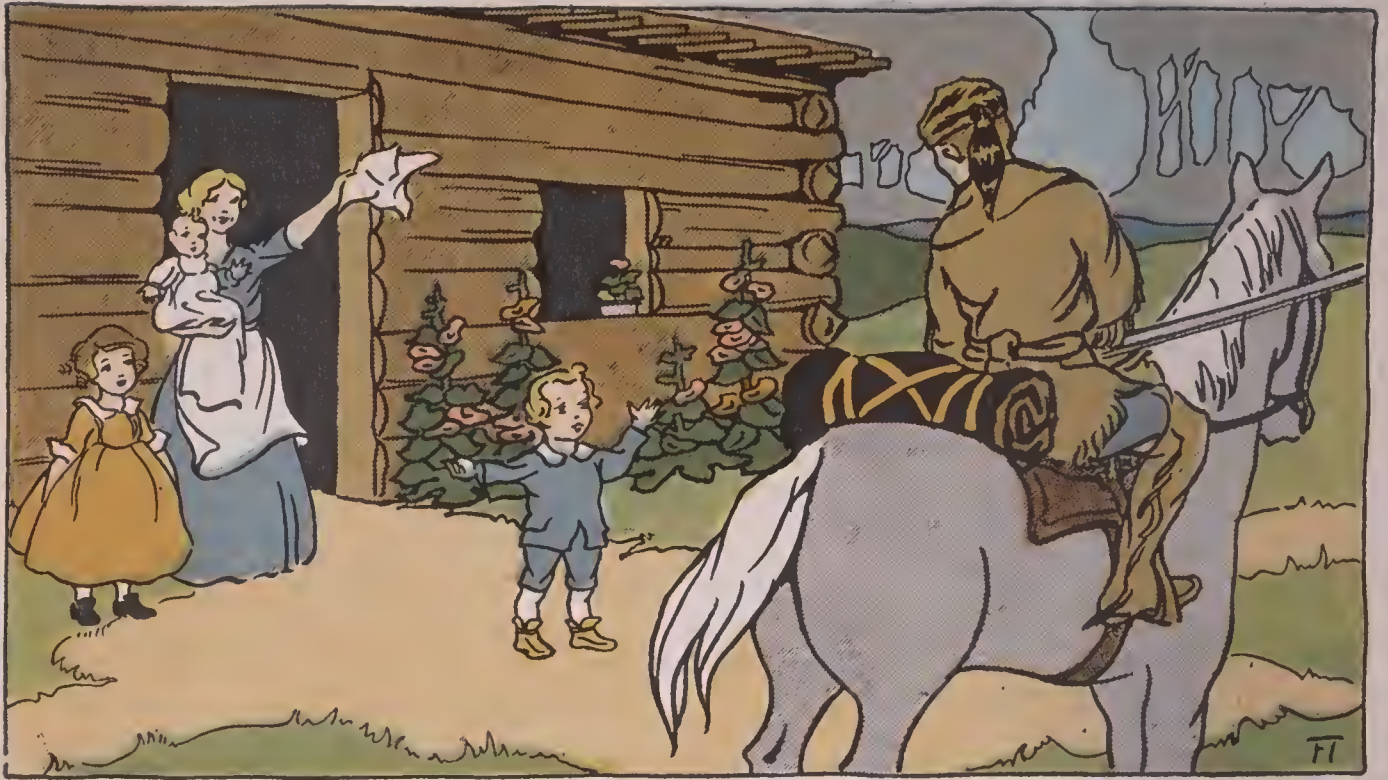
“Are you sure that you’ll not get lost?”

“I know the way, mother. Don’t you remember that I brought home the socks last week that granny knit for Joe?”

“I think it will be safe for you and Joe to go together, but you must promise not to pick flowers or waste time, but go straight to granny’s cabin and come right home,” mother answered.

Sally and Joe were delighted to promise, and they were soon on their way to Granny Tuttle’s for the great copper kettle, which they were to carry home between them.

Now, to get to Granny Tuttle’s little cabin the children had to go some distance through the woods. The path was so narrow



that they had to walk in single file between the trees. Children unused to forest paths would have lost their way, but Sally had been taught to read the marks on trees, and found her way as easily as though she had been on a village street.

Deeper and deeper into the woods Sally went, with little Joe following close behind. It grew darker as they went farther, for the great trees shut out the sunlight.

Soon Sally and her brother came to a cleared space where they had to cross a stream over a small bridge. But when they reached the spot where the bridge should have been, there was nothing to be seen. The swiftly moving water could not tell of how it had risen during the night and washed away the bridge.

The children did not know what to do, as they stood, hand in hand, looking at the stream.

"I remember father taking us to a crossing farther down the creek, where we crossed on big stones," said Sally.

"Maybe we had better go home," said Joe.

"Why, Joe, I am surprised at you. What will father have for supper if we don't get the copper kettle from Granny Tuttle's?"

Then Joe was ashamed that he had wanted to go home. The children followed the path down stream. They went along merrily, racing down hill and chasing rabbits, when suddenly the

A TRUE STORY

most unexpected thing happened. The path stopped. Where the way had been plain before, now all was brambles and trees, with no opening for their little feet.

"Isn't it strange, Joe, that the path should stop? Maybe it is a little farther on, and we can find it if we can get around this thicket."

"Let's go home," said Joe once more, and Sally wished that she knew how to get there, for it was beginning to dawn upon her that she and Joe were lost. They went around the thicket and there, instead of the path, was even deeper underbrush.

Like all pioneers, Sally was brave, and had been trained to think quickly. If she could not force her way through the bushes, she reasoned she could quickly go back the way she had come. This she tried to do, but could not find the path she had danced down only a short time before. She ran this way and that, trying to find an opening. Holding tight to Joe's hand, she ran on and on, sometimes falling, sometimes being held back by thorns that caught her long skirts.

Joe was now thoroughly frightened and started to cry. Sally realized that she was deep in the woods and could not find her way out. Stories of Indians and wild animals flashed through her mind, although all was quiet in the forest. Brave little heart that she was, she gathered her little brother in her arms and tried to comfort him.

"Don't cry, Joe. Sally will find the path very soon." So Joe wiped away his tears and smiled again.

It was now past noon and the two sat down on a log to rest.

"What do you suppose mother is sending to Granny Tuttle?" Sally said, as she glanced at the bundle mother had given her.

"I am so hungry, do you think we'll get to granny's soon?" asked Joe.

"I don't know; I hope so," she answered. "Then we can have something to eat." As she spoke she pressed the bundle in her lap, and found it soft between her fingers.

"Oh, Joe, I believe there is something to eat this very minute,"

LITTLE SALLY DUTCHER

and Sally opened the paper and there were seven round doughnuts that mother had sent to granny.

“Do you suppose mother would mind if we ate one?” asked Joe, who was an obedient child.

“I don’t think she would mind just one,” said Sally as she shared a doughnut with Joe.

The doughnut tasted so good and the children were so hungry that soon all were gone. Sally and Joe felt rested and ready to go in search of the lost path. Had they but known, they were going deeper and deeper into the forest, and farther and farther away from the river path.

Gradually the shadows lengthened, and the children still had not found a way out of the tangle of vines and bushes. Falling down, resting, then getting up again, only to be scratched and torn, it is no wonder that their little feet became tired. Sally, the larger and stronger of the two, went ahead, and Joe clung to her skirts in an effort to keep up with her. Sally knew that their hope of rescue lay in coming to a neighbor’s cabin, or finding a road which would lead to one. She knew she must press on before night, as it was not safe to stop in the forest after dark, so, weary and badly frightened, the brave little girl plunged on.



A TRUE STORY

The shadows were now so long that it was hard to tell which were trees and which were shadows. Suddenly, Sally saw a great black shape. She thought it must be a cow. Her heart beat with hope, for surely they had come upon a neighbor's cabin.

The great black shadow rose up on its hind legs and Sally knew that it was not a cow, but a black bear.

"Quick, brother, hide. Oh, where can we hide?" and Sally wrung her hands.

Nearby was a great log. Creeping silently toward it, the children got farther and farther away from the great silent bear, which had not seen them as yet.

Little Sally suddenly felt very brave and fearless. Working her way to the end of the log, she thrust her hand in and found it hollow. What a hiding place, she thought, and whispered:

"Crawl in this log, Joe, and be as quiet as you can."

For the first time Joe saw the bear, who was now coming towards them with his slow, clumsy gait. He scrambled into the great hollow log, and Sally was not far behind him.

With beating hearts, and holding their breath, they wondered what the bear was going to do. Soon the light was dimmed at one end of the log, and they could hear the bear sniffing, as bears do, to find out what was hidden in the hollow log.

The great black bear having just finished a hearty meal of rabbit meat, was not hungry. After waiting awhile in vain to see if his little captives were coming out of the dark hole, he rose on his hind legs, and the children heard him crashing through the underbrush as he went away.

Gradually Sally backed out of the log and pulled out Joe. How good it was to breathe the fresh air again. She kissed her little brother as she wiped off bits of decayed wood and moss.

"The bear has gone, Joe. Sally will take you home soon." Of course she did not know how soon this was to be, but bravely cheered the little fellow who was little more than a baby.

The way became smoother, and finally Sally knew that she had at last found a beaten path, after many hours of aimless wan-



dering. Sally was very near tears, for she knew that when darkness settled over the earth the forest would be a dangerous place, with so many wild things prowling about.

“What is that noise? Oh, Joey, I believe it’s a rooster. Listen; yes, it is. We must be near a cabin.”

The children listened again, and a shrill sound rose on the evening stillness. It was the crowing of a rooster. They stumbled forward in the direction of the sound.

A tall form appeared among the trees and Sally and Joe were clinging to their good Neighbor Greene who had set out to find a lost pig. Catching up Joe in his arms, and half carrying Sally, they presently came to the cleared space before his cabin.

Here all was excitement, lighted torches, and groups of people, armed and ready to start on an all-night searching party.

When Mr. Dutcher had returned from the settlement, his wife had told him that the children had not returned from Granny Tuttle’s, whither she had sent them for the great copper kettle.

“You should not have sent them, Polly,” said her husband, “didn’t you know that the bridge had been washed away?”

“No, no, I did not know. Oh, where are my children?” And mother burst into tears.

“This is no time for tears, mother. We must act, and act at once. Get baby ready as quickly as you can, and I will take you to Neighbor Fuller’s for the night. Then I will go to Neighbor Greene’s and we will search until we find our little ones.”

Mother packed food hurriedly for father to take with him, while father prepared pine knot torches to carry on the night search. In a short time they were on their way to Mr. Fuller’s cabin, a distance of a few miles.

Here Mr. Fuller and his two sons snatched guns, food and torches, and set out for Neighbor Greene’s cabin. They expected to spend all night hunting for the little ones. So, you see, that is how it happened that there was a crowd of neighbors and settlers in Mr. Greene’s dooryard when he appeared with Joe in his arms, asleep, and leading little Sally by the hand.

The children were soon in their father’s arms, and the kind hearted son of Neighbor Greene left for Mr. Fuller’s cabin where the children’s mother was waiting anxiously, to tell her that her two little ones were safe.



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Mrs. Greene took the children into her cabin and put them to bed. Before Sally was awake in the morning her mother and baby John and father were at Mr. Greene's door to take the children home. It was a happy reunion and, after a while, Sally was able to tell the story of losing her way and how she and Joe had hidden in a great hollow log from a black bear. Then how, after stumbling through the darkness, they had heard a rooster crow, which had guided them into Mr. Greene's arms, and restored them to safety.

After the children had had a hasty breakfast, they were eager to return to their own little home. So Molly, the white mare, was saddled, and Mrs. Dutcher mounted, with the baby in her arms. Joe was seated before his mother, and held on to Molly's mane. Little Sally was perched on behind, where she clung to her mother's dress. Father, who was on foot, walked ahead of Molly.

As the little procession moved along, Joe said:

"When we get home we will play hiding from the bear, Sally. You can be the bear if you want to."

"All right, Joe, but where will you hide?" Sally answered.

"Maybe father can find a hollow log, so we can play it lots of times."

As they went along the beautiful wood path a startled deer showed its face through the brush. Again, a squirrel would scamper across the path and disappear from sight. The nesting birds flew busily about their business of home-building and all Nature seemed bursting into bloom, joyous to escape from the long, cold winter.

Father, who could imitate the calls of many of the birds and animals, amused the children as they went along. Many of the birds answered his whistles and calls, much to the delight of Joe, who said:

"Do it again, please, father. See, that big bird is following us."

Finally the chimney of their own cabin was seen through the trees, and the children exclaimed:

A TRUE STORY

“Isn’t it lovely to be home again! It seems like a whole year since we started out for Granny Tuttle’s to get the copper kettle.”

“Yes, it is good to be home again. It has been a long twenty-four hours since you left mother to go on your errand. We have to be thankful that you were kept unharmed, and returned to your mother and father.”

Father helped the children and his wife to dismount. When they opened the door of the cabin they found all as it had been left the night before. In those early days, it was not unusual to find upon one’s return home that the Indians had broken in and stolen food or whatever they wished to take with them.

There stood the great golden loaves of bread which mother had baked only yesterday. The hearth was neatly swept, and piles of wood lay ready for a fire. The sunshine struck the few pewter plates on the dresser, which mother had brought from her home in New England when she had left her home as a bride a few years before to make a new home in what was then called the west, with her husband.

“Sally, I wish you would polish my pewter plates, they are a little dull.”

“Yes, mother,” answer Sally.

Life settled back into its routine just the same as though the little children had not been lost, and their parents torn with anxiety. Each member of the family went about his tasks as though there had not been excitement the day before. Sally helped her mother and ran endless errands. Joe, who was smaller, followed his sister about, as though he could not bear to be out of her sight.

“Aren’t you ever going to play with me?” he asked.

“Why, of course, Joey,” she answered. “You know how mother depends on me to set the table, and help her get dinner onto the table. As soon as we can, we will go down to the spring, and there I am sure we can find a hollow log, so we can play we are hiding from the bear.”

True to her word, Sally and Joe went to the spring and there

LITTLE SALLY DUTCHER

they found a great hollow log, even bigger than the one in which they had hidden only the day before. The children never tired of playing this game, in fact, so far from other children and having almost no toys, they had to make their own games from the only thing that they knew—frontier life.

At the close of the busy day, there was a space when mother was hushing the baby to sleep, before Sally and Joe were sent to their beds. The children were speaking in quiet tones.

“When I get to be a man, I am going out and find that great black bear that scared us so, Sally.”

“No, you won’t Joe. I am sure you could never find him. Don’t you know that all bears look alike?”

“Then I will shoot all the black bears I can find so that I kill the right one.”

When mother and Sally were alone, Mrs. Dutcher said:

“Mother is so proud of her brave little girl who took care of little brother, and kept going on and on.”

“Oh, mother, that was nothing. I am so sorry that we did not get the copper kettle, and that we ate up all the doughnuts that you sent to Granny Tuttle.”





Little Sally Dutcher

PART TWO

LITTLE Joe Dutcher was seated on the doorstep of his father's log cabin. He was shelling popcorn into a great hollow gourd that served as a dish. Suddenly, without a sound to warn him of the approach of a person, a shadow fell over his work. Looking up, in sudden fear, he saw the stolid face of an old Indian woman above him.

"Good morning, Oweenee," Joe said in relief.

"Ugh," said she, which might mean "good morning."

"Come in, Oweenee, mother will be glad to see you."

The little Dutcher children loved to have the old squaw come to the cabin. They knew that after she had talked to their mother, and traded the dyes which she carried in her basket for a string of glass beads, old Oweenee would notice them.

"Oweenee, tell us a story," Joe asked.

LITTLE SALLY DUTCHER

"Yes, please do," Sally added pleadingly, coming up to the old squaw on the other side.

"What do the white children want to hear about today?" asked Oweenee, as she seated herself on a bench.

Sally and Joe sat at her feet, where they could look up into her wrinkled old face.

"The one about the great white bear," said Joe.

"Oh, Joe, please let me choose this time," said Sally.

"No," said Oweenee. "I shall tell you a new story today. You are growing fast, and you soon will be big and strong girl and boy. Today I shall tell you of a mighty hunter named Glooskap."

"Oh, goody," said Joe, as he settled himself more comfortably.

Sally had been hoping that Oweenee would tell the story of a beautiful Indian princess, but this was to be a new story.

In the early days of our country the little children did not have picture books such as we have today. Books were scarce, and while father had a huge Bible on the shelf where he kept his most valuable things, this and a primer comprised the usual library of the border family. It is no wonder that the children gathered around the old Indian squaw to hear her stories, for she was the only story book they knew. It is true they loved to have mother tell them stories of her girlhood in the little New England village, which she often did.

The old squaw paused so long that the children wondered if she were going to tell them a story. Then she passed her hand over her eyes, as if trying to remember something that had happened a long time ago.

In a soft, dreamy voice, as though she were thinking out loud, she began:

"Once, many moons ago, long, long before Oweenee was born, there was a mighty hunter named Glooskap."

"Oweenee, is this a true story?" asked Joe.

"It is as my great grandmother told me," answered Oweenee with dignity.

"Sh, Joe, don't interrupt Oweenee. Please go on," said Sally.



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“Glooskap was a friend of all the Indians. He did not live with any tribe. He lived by himself in the deep forest, where he hunted and fished. When any people were in deep trouble, they came many miles to his lonely tepee and prayed that the mighty Glooskap might help. Nor were their prayers in vain, for he was never so happy as when he was aiding the weak or unhappy.”

“Was Glooskap a fairy or a giant?” asked Joe.

“Well, no,” said Oweenee. “But he had a wonderful power given him by the Great Spirit. When he wanted to hide from his enemies, he could change himself into a duck. That is why he was called Glooskap, which means ‘diver.’ ”

“Oh, dear, what if he had been shot when he was a duck,” said Joe.

“Sh, Joey,” said his sister.

“Then when he wanted to, Glooskap could make himself into a giant. The story I shall tell you about is how he made himself into a mighty giant.

“Once there was a mighty tribe of Indians living on the plains. They had many tall braves, and many beautiful girls, many wise old warriors and little children and squaws. This tribe was very rich and happy, for did they not have plenty of fresh game to eat and corn meal which they had raised? Then, too, a clear stream of water flowed through the center of the village where the women came to get water.

“One day, one of the squaws noticed that the water was not as high as usual, so she said:

“‘Look, mighty chief. Is the stream not lower than it was yesterday?’

“‘No, foolish one,’ said the chief.

“The next day when the squaws came again to draw water, it was lower than it had been the day before.

“‘Pray, look at the water, mighty chief. Is it not lower than yesterday?’ they asked.

“‘Ugh, it is so,’ said the chief. ‘Our stream is getting smaller and smaller.’



“The chief called a council of all the old warriors. They looked at the stream which was getting shallower and shallower before their very eyes.

“The squaws did not have enough water to carry to their tepees. Soon the children were crying for a drink. The stream became so small it could hardly be seen, and none might draw any water without the chief’s consent.

“ ‘Sound the kettle drum. Call the young braves,’ said the chief.

“The young men hurried from far and near. They seated themselves around their chief on the ground, for this was what was called a council. The great chief stood in the center. When there was complete silence, he said:

“ ‘Young braves, we have held a council of the wise old braves to decide why the water has gotten so low. This has done no good. Each day the water has gotten lower and lower, and soon I fear my people shall die.’

“ ‘It is to the young braves I now make my appeal. Who will go, maybe at the cost of his life, and discover why the stream has stopped?’

“A young and fearless warrior rose up.

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“ ‘Oh, great chief, let me, the least of your braves, go and find out why the stream is drying up. If I can help my people I will gladly die, if need be.’

“ ‘Well spoken, young man,’ replied the chief.

“So it was decided that at sunset the young warrior should leave on his venture into the far country. Solemnly the old hunters filled his quiver with arrows, new and sharp. The squaws gave him a packet of dried meat for food. The young maidens looked at him with bright eyes, for was it not possible that they might never see him again?

“The great chief approached the young brave and hung a chain of mighty claws around his neck, a token of good luck.

“ ‘I wish I were old enough to go,’ whispered a small lad. ‘I can run many miles, but they will not let me go.’

“Finally the young brave was ready, and as the sun sank behind the hills, and the evening mist arose, he went out silently into the twilight.

“All that night he traveled on foot through the forest. When dawn came, he ate some of the dried deer meat the squaws had given him, and drank deeply from a spring.

“All the morning he traveled westward along the bank of the stream. At noon he stopped and again ate some dried deer meat and drank from the stream. Then he slept beneath the shadow of a great oak tree. Enemies were on every hand, both wild animals and hostile Indians, but the young brave slept so lightly that the crackle of a twig would have awakened him.

“When the heat of the day was over, and he was refreshed, Ioscoda, for that was the young brave’s name, started up and was on his way again to a far, far country, unknown to him.

“Three long days and nights Ioscoda traveled to the westward, for that was the general direction of the stream. Finally, he beheld a dam in the river, which held up the current and made a huge pond above the dam.

“ ‘So this is the reason my people have been dying of thirst,’ Ioscoda said as he sank down by the stream. He had been with-

A TRUE STORY

out water for many hours and he dipped his hands in the stream and drank thirstily.

“As Ioscoda rested beside the dam, he saw a boy coming towards him. The boy was ugly, with great bulging eyes, and a wide slash for a mouth.

“ ‘Where is your chief?’ Ioscoda asked.

“ ‘In the tepee,’ was the reply.

“Ioscoda entered the tepee and saw a strange sight. The chief was a giant with huge, bulging eyes and a horrible mouth.

“ ‘Great chief, I come from the plains to find out why the water has stopped in my village. The people are suffering and dying there for water,’ said Ioscoda.

“ ‘I am pleased to hear of the suffering,’ said the giant.

“ ‘You must cut the dam. I am sent by my people to see that you do,’ said Ioscoda.

“He sat down and waited. The giant thought that he would get tired and go home, but Ioscoda sat on and on. He did not attempt to fight the giant, nor did he run away. The giant could not understand why Ioscoda did not move.

“After several days the giant said, ‘I will help your people.’

“He took an arrow and shot a hole in the dam so that a tiny stream of water poured out.

“Then Ioscoda returned to his tribe and found the people rejoicing at the small stream which flowed through the village.

“Alas, after a few days, the small supply of water stopped again, and the Indians were as badly off as before.

“Again the mighty chief called a council together. After a time spoke one of the mighty warriors:

“ ‘We are powerless to fight the giant that guards our water supply. Our people are dying and we must do something. At nightfall I will go to Glooskap’s tepee and beg him to help us.’

“So it was decided that the mighty hunter was to go to Glooskap’s tepee and ask him to force the giant to give back the water supply.

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“Glooskap, the mighty warrior and hunter, heard what the brave had to say, and when he had finished, said:

“ ‘Return to your chief and tell him that Glooskap is a friend of his people. I will go to the giant and save your people from death.’

“Then Glooskap made himself into a giant as tall as a mighty pine tree. He painted his body and face red as for war. He painted great green rings around his eyes. He hung a string of clam shells from his ears, and another around his neck. On his head he placed a war bonnet which had streamers made of one hundred red and black feathers. He carried only his hunting knife and bow and arrows for protection. He was a mighty sight to behold, one to make even the boldest afraid.

“Just as Ioscoda had traveled westward, Glooskap made his way until he came to the dam. He sat down and waited until the same ugly lad with the bulging eyes came to him and he said:

“ ‘Lad, get me a drink.’

“The boy went away, and soon came back with some muddy water in a gourd.

“ ‘That is not fit to drink,’ roared Glooskap.

“ ‘It is all there is,’ said the lad.

“ ‘Take me to your chief,’ Glooskap demanded.

“When Glooskap saw the giant, he walked up to him without any fear, and said, in an awful voice:

“ ‘I warn you to cut the dam and let the people on the plains have water again.’

“ ‘Who are you, to warn me?’ said the chief.

“You may think that Glooskap did a brave thing to defy the



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giant. He knew that he could not be hurt, because he could change himself into almost any animal and escape.

“ ‘I am one who does not fear you,’ was the reply.

“ ‘I refuse to cut down the dam,’ shouted the chief.

“ ‘Then protect yourself,’ roared Glooskap, as he fell upon the giant.

“With a mighty slash of his hunting knife, Glooskap cut the giant across the knees. Great streams of water poured out, and Glooskap had to spring aside as the river flowed out of the giant. Rising high in the air, Glooskap seized the giant by the back and crumpled him up, and, if you will believe it, all that was left was a bullfrog. To this day you will find bullfrogs have wrinkles on their backs where Glooskap crumbled one.

“Glooskap returned to the plains expecting to find the people happy because they had water to drink again. To his surprise, he found the people had gone from the village.

“They had wanted water so badly they could not think of anything else. One wanted to be a crab and live on both land and water. One wanted to be a fish so that he could live in water all the time. Another wanted to be a leech so he could live in the mud.

“When the water rushed between the river banks once more each mortal had his wish and became a crab, a fish or a leech. That is why the people of the village were gone when Glooskap returned. His work was done, so he went back to his lonely tepee to hunt and fish and wait until he was called upon again to help mortals.”

As Oweenee finished, Joe asked:

“Were the crabs and fishes and leeches once Indians?”

“Yes,” she answered.

“Will they ever turn back into Indians?”

“No, child. Once the mighty Glooskap had changed a mortal into an animal, they could not become mortals again.”

“Oh, Joe, isn’t that a lovely story? Oweenee, please tell us the story of the beautiful princess,” said Sally.



“Oweenee will come again,” she said.

True to her word, when the old squaw next visited the cabin she told the children the story that little Sally loved, the story of the princess and the evening star. In after years Sally told this story to her own little ones. This is the tale Oweenee told:

“In the land of long ago there were seven beautiful Indian maidens. These were the daughters of a mighty chief. Many brave warriors came to win the beautiful maidens, and finally all were married except the youngest princess. She was sweet and pretty, and had many suitors, but none could please her.

“Finally her father called her to him and said, kindly:

“ ‘Little daughter, why do you not accept one of the handsome braves as a husband? All of your sisters are married.’

“Then the princess said: ‘Oh, father, can’t you see that these young men are selfish and unkind, although they smile and speak soft words? My husband must be gentle and good, and none of these young men are that.’

“One day a stranger came to the village. He was crippled and ugly to look at, and everyone laughed at him but the princess. She was always sweet and kind to him.

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“One day the princess told her sisters that she had decided to marry the crippled stranger.

“ ‘You must be crazy, sister. Can’t you see that he is ugly?’ they said.

“ ‘To me he seems beautiful and good,’ was the reply.

“No one could persuade the princess not to marry the stranger. A feast was spread, as was the custom when a princess was married.

“As the sisters walked through the forest with their husbands they laughed behind their hands and said cruel things about the man their sister was to marry. Soon they came to a great hollow log, and all jumped over it but the poor cripple. It seemed he was too weak to climb over, and the princess waited patiently for him.

“Instead of going over, the cripple jumped into the log. As he came out of the opposite end of the log, they could not believe that he was the same man. Here was a beautiful youth, straight and strong as an ash tree. He had been under an evil spirit that had made him bent and old. When he passed through the log the evil spirit had vanished, leaving him young and handsome.

“The sisters could hardly believe their eyes. But as they looked their sister became bent and wrinkled, for the evil spirit had fallen upon her instead.

“When the wedding party was seated at the feast, a mighty storm blew up. It took the tepee from its base, and carried all the wedding guests up to heaven, for the bent and crippled man was none other than the son of the King of the Evening Star. They were all carried back to his father’s kingdom of the Evening Star.

“All the sisters and their husbands, and the guests at the wedding were changed into birds. They strutted and chattered to their heart’s content, just as they had as people. They were happy as long as they had beautiful feathers to show each other, and could talk all day long.

“Soon the King of the Evening Star came to welcome his son and his bride with outstretched arms. Instantly the princess be-

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came young and beautiful again as she had been on earth. Because she had been kind to the bent and crippled man, she had become a princess in the land of the Evening Star, and her husband was a prince. They added to the light that shone upon mortals on the earth, so that they said:

“ ‘See how brightly the Evening Star is shining tonight. It is because the prince and his princess are living there and because they are so happy, they are sending out their beams to mortals down below to bless them and guide them on earth.’ ”





Little Sally Dutcher

PART THREE

BREAKFAST was over in the Dutcher household and the family just rising from the table.

“Sally,” said Joe, “let’s go down to the spring and sail our boats this morning.”

“This is the day that I have planned to teach Sally to spin,” said mother. “She is getting to be such a tall, strong girl, that it is time for her to learn how to do a woman’s work.”

Although Sally was still a small girl, like all settlement children, she was taught to do a woman’s tasks. So, when her mother said that she was going to teach her to spin, Sally’s heart beat with pride. Spinning was one of the most important things a woman had to do for it was one of her duties to make the stuff used for clothing, as well as to weave all household linen.

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“Sally, you may clear away the breakfast things, while mother takes care of baby brother,” said Mrs. Dutcher.

Sally flew about her tasks with a light heart and a gay song. Soon she had finished and was waiting for mother to begin the lesson.

Mother pulled the spinning wheel out of its corner into a better light, and seated herself at the wheel.

Sally had often watched mother spin, but never until today had she said that Sally might learn to spin, too. Slowly, mother started the great wheel and moved the foot treadle. The wheel turned, and the fine linen thread wound onto the bobbin.

Mother put her fingers into a bowl of water, and taking up a small quantity of flax, carefully shaped and formed it into a long thread which was wound slowly and carefully around the great wheel.

“Here, Sally, take mother’s place. Work carefully and do not hurry. I will work the tread.”

Slowly the great wheel turned again, and the little fingers tried to form a thread. The hands were small and hurried. It was a knotty and clumsy thread that wound off, but it was a proud moment, too, when Sally saw her first few inches of thread.

“That is splendid, little daughter. Mother is proud of your first efforts. We will cut off your thread and always keep it as a sample of your first attempt. Then, we can see how you improve as you get older. Some day your thread will be as smooth and strong as mine.”

“Mother, may I try again tomorrow?” asked Sally.

“Yes, I think so,” she answered. “You have worked enough for today. Suppose you take the pail and go to the spring for water. Joe may go with you, and you need not hurry.”

“Come, Joe, mother wants us to go to the spring, and maybe we can sail our little boats awhile. She said we did not have to hurry,” said Sally.

The children were soon on their way, swinging the pail between them, and their hands full of little boats made of chips of

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wood. These were crude little affairs, which father had made with his knife. The largest one they called the "Mayflower," for that was a name which was dear to the early colonists and settlers in our country. It was a fireside story of how Sally's great-great-grandmother had come across the ocean and had endured hunger and cold, and defied hostile Indians. She had been one of the early settlers to come from England to settle in the Massachusetts colony.

The sunlight danced through the trees, and touched Sally's bright hair, as she bent over the spring. After awhile she said:

"I think we had better go home, Joe, because mother is going to bake and I want to help her."

Joe looked up with a smile.

"Sally, do you think mother will make cookies today?"

"I don't know. Let's hurry back and see."

Filling the water pail, Sally and Joe started for home.

When they arrived at the cabin, mother was rolling out dough. She looked up with a smile and said:

"I have a treat for my little folks today. Each of you may make a cake in any shape you wish, and bake it with the rest."

"I want to make a tomahawk," said Joe.

"I think I will make a sampler and mark in the stitches with a fork," said Sally.

Soon the little cakes were baking in the brick oven where mother baked the great loaves of bread for the family. Sally was delighted with her sampler, made of dough, but alas, Joe's tomahawk looked very much like a hammer.

"That is too bad, Joe," said his mother. "Next time you may cut out a flag. I think you will like it better than a tomahawk."

"Come, Sally child, you have played enough for one day. I want you to learn to sew. You are almost seven years old, and it is high time your sampler were done. When your grandmother was four years old she made a sampler that is on exhibit today, in dear old Boston, as one of the most perfect pieces of handiwork done by the early colonists."

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“Mother, please, may I learn to bake instead of sew. It is so hard to put my stitches straight, and my hands get so tired.”

“No, little daughter, that is all the more reason why you should learn to sew. No pioneer can live very long without knowing how to sew both a fine seam as well as homespun clothes for all the family. When you are older, I will teach you how to make a deerskin doublet and moccasins as the Indians have taught us. As you are a little girl, you must finish your sampler first.”

Obediently Sally seated herself on the low settle, made of split log which had been smoothed on top, and mounted on four short legs. With a last look at the sunshine and the great outdoors, Sally picked up her work with a sigh. Joe, who was her constant companion, seated himself on the floor at her feet. Mother gave him the task of picking dried berries from their stems, and placing them in a hollow gourd which served as a deep dish.

“When I get to be a man I will take care of you like father does of mother,” said Joe.

“And I will make you beautiful clothes, Joey, and we will have a beautiful cabin like this to live in,” said his sister.

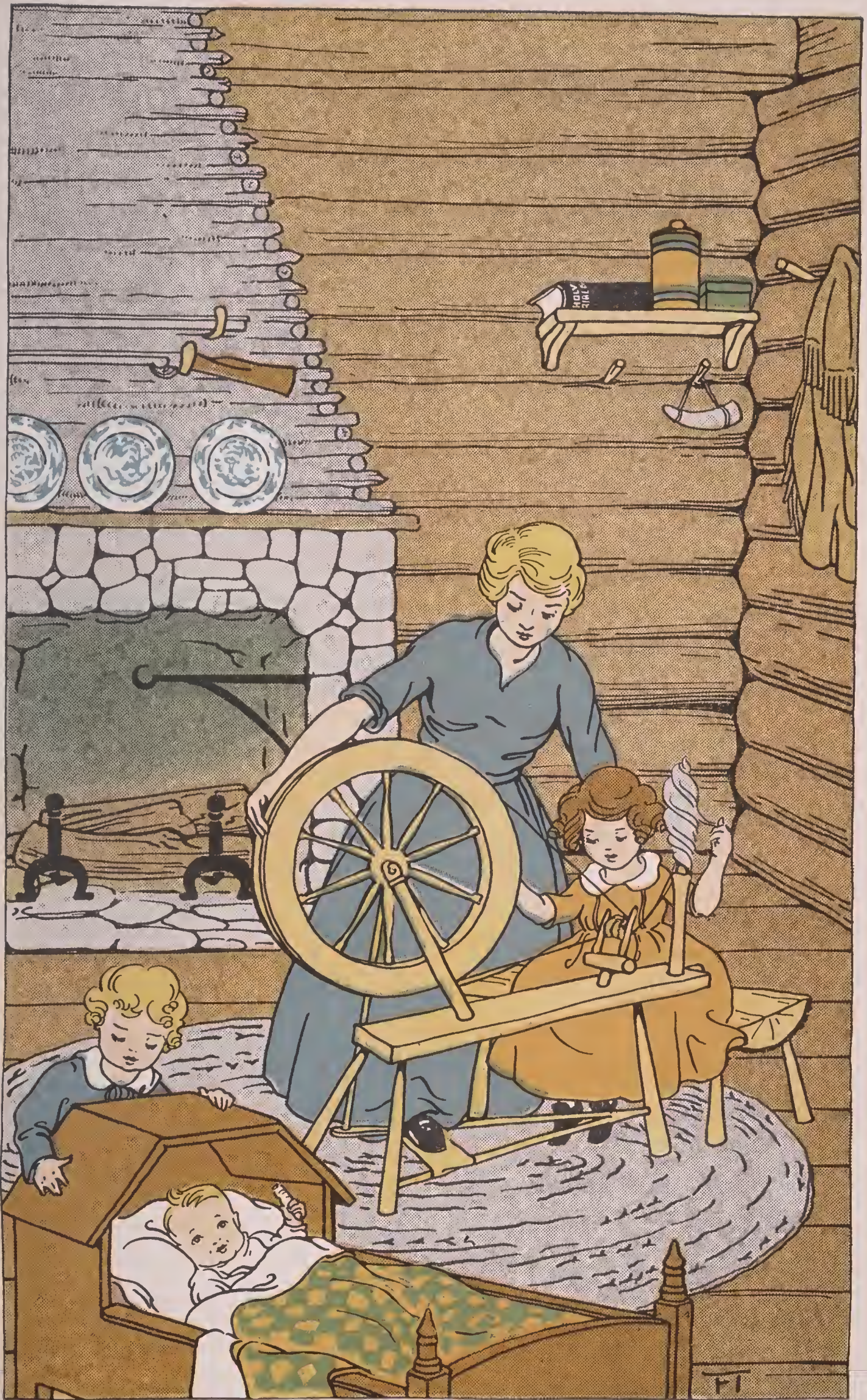
The children saw their father approaching, with something in his arms. Could it be a little animal?

“What is that, father? Isn't it pretty?”

“This is a doe whose mother was killed by a tree falling on her. I knew this little one would be eaten by wild animals or starve in the forest, so I brought it home to see what mother could do for her.”

The little doe was weak and could hardly stand on its long, slender legs. Father made a bed of straw in the outside shack, and mother fed it milk and bread. The children delighted to stroke its soft nose.

With the passing weeks, “Pet”—that was the name they had given the little thing—grew strong and well. It loved the Dutcher children, and followed them about like a dog. It was necessary to keep the pretty creature tied when the children were not watching, although it seemed quite happy in its foster home.



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One bright day, Sally said:

“Let us play a new game, Joe. Pet can be our queen and we will crown her.”

“I don’t want a queen. Father says this is a free country, and he doesn’t ever want a queen again and neither do I.”

“Oh, but Joe, this is different. Can’t we play that she is President Washington, and we are crowning him?”

“I don’t know whether Washington wears a crown, but I will ask father.”

Father was not to be found, so the children made a wreath of wild flowers, and hung it around Pet’s neck. She looked at the children with her great dark eyes, and seemed to enjoy the fun. In their cabin, so far from other children and having almost no toys at all except those father could carve with his knife, the pet doe was dearly loved by Sally and Joe. She was their constant companion for about two months when, one morning, the rope that held her was found to be broken, and she had gone back to the forest that was her real home.

“I wonder if Pet will ever come back,” asked Sally. She felt sorry to lose her companion, and so did Joe. The children wandered about in the woods, calling her, but they had to return home without Pet.

Here a surprise awaited them. Neighbors were few and far between. When they saw Neighbor Greene’s horse before the door they hurried on with eager steps.

“Good morning, little folks,” said a hearty voice. There stood Neighbor Greene with a letter in his hand. Father had returned from the fields, and he and mother had been talking to Mr. Greene when the children came up.

“Do you think the children ought to know?” mother asked in a low voice.

“Yes, I do. They are brave little ones, and we must all do our part,” father answered.

“You tell them, father.”

“No, let Mr. Greene tell them.”



“Now, little folks, where can I find two strong, brave little pioneers?” asked Mr. Greene.

Up went two little hands without a moment’s hesitation.

“That is fine. We will need all the little hands we have if what this letter says comes true,” and he showed the children the letter. Bending down to the little ones, he went on:

“General Putnam has sent us a warning of an Indian uprising. We must get food and water into the house and it will take all the big and little hands to get us ready before they come.”

After a few words, Neighbor Greene was on his way to warn the next settler. Border life was dangerous, but the hardy pioneer was so accustomed to danger that he met it with a quiet dignity. Mr. Dutcher said to Sally and Joe:

“Bring in plenty of wood, children, and pile it up before the fireplace.”

This the children did quickly and quietly. When they had finished there was enough to last for three or four days. Father brought in potatoes, corn meal and vegetables. Taking up a few logs in the puncheon floor, he hid them away from sight.

Preparations were soon completed, and as night dropped down her thick, cool blanket among the trees, the Dutcher family were safely housed, and ready to withstand a possible Indian attack.

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In the cabin, by the light of yellow pine knots, father was carefully cleaning his great gun, and mother was melting lead into the bullet molds. The children were eating supper, and talking in hushed tones.

"Do you suppose the Indians will come tonight, Sally?"

"Dear, I hope not," answered Sally. Then, to her mother: "May I stay up all night?"

"No, you children must go to bed," father answered.

Joe started to protest, but Sally knew that when father spoke it was best to obey. So she took her little brother by the hand, and led him towards the ladder they had to climb to reach their loft bedroom.

Mother followed her children upstairs, and heard their simple prayers before she tucked each one in its little bed.

"Go to sleep, my little ones. Your heavenly Father will keep you in safety," she said as she kissed them good night.

The children tried to stay awake as long as they heard the low voices of their parents in the room below, but finally they slept to dream of Indians, large and small.

"I don't think they will attack us tonight, Polly," father said. "It is past the full of the moon, and I would not be surprised if they did not bother us for several days. Get your rest, and I will watch through the night."

"Call me at midnight, father," was the reply as she turned to go.

There was a loophole in the cabin, where the shotgun could spit out its angry message without the gunner being seen or hurt. There was also a peephole where another member of the family could watch the enemy and report where to fire. Long before dark father had filled in the window openings with logs, so that no one could tell where they had been.

Hour after hour the brave pioneer kept guard, with shotgun ready and eye trained on the clearing in the woods through which the Indians would be likely to come.

As midnight approached, mother came to her husband and

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begged him to take some food, and allow her to keep watch.

“The moon is rising higher, and it is almost as light as day. I do not think they will come before daybreak,” said father.

“Then come and get a few hours’ rest,” said his wife.

Reluctantly, father yielded his place.

With the first light of day, he bounded to the peephole, to find mother still at her post.

“Why didn’t you sleep, mother?” he asked. “I would not have slept if I had known you were not resting.”

“I shall be very glad to do so now,” mother said.

As the day wore on, and nothing was to be seen of the Indians, it seemed that they would be spared an attack. The heavy front door was swung open, and the children were allowed to play on the doorstep. Father was cultivating corn in the cleared space near the cabin, and mother went about her duties with a lighter heart.

The children were amusing themselves by playing, Joe was an Indian, and Sally was Mrs. Dutcher, who was being pursued.

As Joe approached his sister with upraised arm, Sally pretended to fall at his feet.

“Please spare me, Mr. Indian. Let me go back to my children.”

“No, never,” Joe replied.

“Can’t you children find something better to play?” mother asked, coming to the door. Suddenly, “Here comes father now. Into the house, quickly!”

With long strides father gained the door and swung it shut. He put an iron bar in its place to keep the door from being beaten down. Turning to his family, he said:

“I saw a number of Indians coming through the woods. They will be here soon. Are we all ready?”

“Yes, father,” said mother in her quiet voice.

Maybe a girl or boy of today would cry and be afraid. A pioneer was ashamed to be afraid. From his earliest days he had known Indian attacks, yet, like other hardships which he had to endure, he lived through them without complaint.

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Sally and Joe quietly stood by their parents, ready to obey their commands. The baby began to cry, and Sally took him into her arms to quiet him.

"It is strange that they do not come," said father.

"It is unusual that they choose broad daylight," mother said. After an hour's waiting, mother cried:

"Look, father, here they come; but what are they doing?"

Well might she ask. Instead of coming stealthily forward or running to the cabin with their horrible yells, the Indians were pushing and pulling one another in boisterous fashion. They did not have the red war paint on their bodies, as they would if they had come to fight and rob the white man's family.

"What can be the meaning of it?" asked father after watching their antics for awhile, for indeed they were playing like children.

Finally, the leader turned and came directly to the door of the cabin. He knocked loudly.

"It may be a trick to get in," said mother. "Don't open the door."

After pounding in vain for a few moments, the leader went back to the group of Indians. They talked together, pointing towards the cabin.

After awhile they went away without firing one shot. Sally and little Joe breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Dutcher was too cautious to open the front door, but he relaxed his vigil and took some food.

About an hour later back came the Indians with about a dozen more, making a band of twenty or over. Then the children were frightened, fearing that a volley of shots might be fired upon the cabin.

Soon the leader approached the door for the second time, with a white flag in one hand, and a pipe of peace in the other.

"Surely, they are friendly, father. Who ever heard of Indians turning upon even a foe after they had offered the peace pipe?"

"I do not trust them," said father. "Don't you remember General Putnam's warning that they have been preparing for a

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fall raid these many weeks. If they are friendly they will go away. If not, they will attack us tonight.”

Mother had put the fire out in the fireplace so that there was no smoke from the chimney to betray that there was anyone at home. The Indians might well have thought that the family was at the settlement, so quiet was the little cabin.

Once more the Indians left the cabin. As the last one disappeared, mother said, “Thank God,” and fell upon her knees.

As night deepened, father resumed the post of sentinel, still expecting an attack, although the Indians had not fired a single shot. Finally the great white moon rose over the tree tops with all the majesty of the grand old lady she has always been.

Looking intently, father thought he saw a figure moving through the brush towards the shed in which were housed the few head of stock owned by the Dutcher family.

The children had gone to bed and mother sat by father’s side as he kept watch.

“Do you see a figure out there in the brush, mother?”

“Yes. What is he going to do, set fire to our shed?”

“I will take a shot at him even at this range, if that is the case,” was the answer.



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"That is firing the first shot, father. If they are on the war-path, why don't they fire upon us?"

"That is what I do not understand, little woman. We can only wait and hope for the best."

Meanwhile, sounds from the chickens were heard as though they had been frightened in their sleep.

"They are stealing our stock," said mother. "If they will take our hens only and not molest us, I will be glad."

Soon the clearing was alive with Indians. They danced back and forth. They circled round and round the cabin, giving queer yells. Strange to say, they did not carry tomahawks and knives, as though preparing for an attack. They seemed to be enjoying themselves playing in the moonlight. As she looked down, the old moon must have had strange thoughts.

One playful Indian stumbled into the pit where father had buried some wild hog meat for safety. Shrieking, the others pounced upon him, and all started to dig with their hands or sticks. Soon the sides of hogs were uncovered. They formed in a single line and marched off, the leader carrying Sally's pet chickens, and each Indian proudly carrying the side of a hog.

"I think they are hungry rather than cruel," said Mr. Dutcher. "Anyway, they are gone, and I am thankful. I do not think they will be back. I did not tell you, mother, but my powder would not explode. I could not have fired a half dozen shots."

Mounting the ladder to the loft where Sally and Joe slept, mother tenderly kissed the two small faces as they slumbered, unconscious of the happenings of the night.

With the dawning of a new day father opened the great door again. How peaceful the world seemed after the anxiety of the past two days. The shining lake was glimpsed through the trees, the sunlight and shadow spotted the carpet of moss and pine needles.

"Oh, Joe, isn't it lovely to be out again?" said Sally between deep breaths.

"I'll race you to the spring," said Joe.

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"You children must not go far from the house today," mother cautioned.

When Sally discovered that her pets had been stolen by the Indians, she cried bitterly.

"Don't cry, child," said her mother. "Aren't you glad that they took your chickens instead of little brother? Sometimes, they steal little children and make them prisoners, and they never return to their brothers and sisters and parents."

Sally dried her tears. "I am glad after all." She smiled at the baby as he laid in his crude cradle, like a dainty flower on a thorny stem.

It was decided that father would make the trip to the settlement for a fresh supply of powder, as soon as possible.

"I will give them another day, and then if all is well, I will be off at dawn so that I can be home by dark," father said.

Just as the sun was going down behind the trees, two horsemen appeared on the narrow path that led into the forest.

"Here comes Uncle Jonathan. Oh, goody," sang the children and danced out to meet the newcomers.

When greetings were over, the tall horseman, known as Uncle Jonathan, said:

"There was a raid about fifteen miles down the river today. The Indians were fired upon by some settlers who were waiting for them. This angered the Indians, as they had not fired the opening shot, and they burned and raided the cabin and shack of Neighbor Greene. They stole the two youngest boys, but their father chased them and made them give back the lads."

"How thankful I am that I did not fire upon them," said father, and he told how he had kept watch for two nights, with a pile of lead bullets by his side, and with useless powder that could not touch them off.

"You are a lucky man, Dutcher," said his friends. "Take some of our powder so that your wife will not be without protection while you go to the trading post tomorrow."

With many good wishes, the two settlers went on their way.

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Life settled back into its usual routine again in the little log cabin. It seemed impossible that the cleared space had been full of dancing Indians only the night before. There was only a mound of fresh earth to show where they had dug up the sides of wild hog, which had been buried in the ground.

With the new day father was off for the trading post long before Sally and Joe had wakened. He arrived there by noon, quickly made his purchases and started for home with only hard biscuit and dried meat for food. He wished to be with his family by sundown.

Mother closed the front door and placed the bar so that it was securely locked. As night fell, her anxious glance often wandered to the path where father would appear.

“My little ones must go to bed,” she said.

“Please, mother, let us stay up till father comes,” they pleaded. Soft arms held her, and she finally said:

“Yes, but not a moment later.”

Finally the dear form they were waiting for appeared. Flinging open the door, the children rushed out to welcome home the head of the family. Mother said:

“It has been a long day, father. Come, your dinner is hot and you must be famished. You have ridden hard to be home at this hour.”

The sleepy children, happy and tired, stumbled up the ladder to their loft room. Below, mother and father were talking in the firelight, as father ate his meal. Mrs. Dutcher showed her husband Sally’s sampler, and said with a laugh:

“Sally is like myself. As a child I hated to sew. Tell me, father, who did you see at the post today?”





Little Sally Dutcher

PART FOUR

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in early fall and the family was astir early. It was the custom to go to church services whenever possible, although the worshipers had to ride many miles on horseback to reach the church. It was a great undertaking to take three children so far, and often the family stayed over night at the stockade, and returned home on Monday.

As the weather was so fine, it was decided that the entire family should make the journey. Mother hurried to get the three children dressed in their best homespun clothes. She placed her poke bonnet on her head and wrapped her long cape about her. She mounted to the saddle and took baby John in her arms. With one child in front of her in the saddle, and one behind, the little

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procession was ready. Father led the way, with gun in hand, ready to defend his family from possible enemies.

“Is everything all right, Polly?” Mr. Dutcher asked.

“Yes, I believe so, father, provided you have given the stock an extra supply of feed, and put out the fire in the fireplace. I would like to spend the night with my sister, if possible. When I think of winter, when it is so hard to get to the post, I wish I had gone more often in the mild weather.”

The early settlers west of the Allegheny mountains after the revolution were serious minded folk, although not quite as strict as their Puritan ancestors who had come to New England many years before. Every new settlement had its own church as well as a stockade and fort.

The little procession plodded along the many miles to the post. As the stockade of the settlement appeared in sight, mother straightened her bonnet and moved the baby, who was now asleep, to the other arm.

“How quickly we have come today,” she said. “There is the fort. See, children, floating on the breeze is our own flag, the flag of Washington. You must always defend that flag, and never do anything to dishonor it.”

The children peered around old Molly’s head to see the beautiful flag of red and white stripes and thirteen blue stars. This first memory of their country’s flag was one that the children never forgot, nor the words of their loyal hearted mother.

As they neared the settlement, they heard the noise of a drum.

“Why is the man beating a drum, mother?” Joe asked.

“That is to call the people to church,” was the reply. “When mother was a girl in New England, we had bells to call us to church.” And mother sighed as she thought of her early home.

By this time the Dutchers were within the stockade, and were greeted by a big, stout man, with a hearty voice.

“Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Dutcher. How are you this lovely morning, and all the little family, too?”



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“Good morning, Mr. Smith,” said father and mother.

Father helped mother to dismount, and then took the mare to the public stables, where all of the settlers left their horses. Mother and children awaited father at the church door. If her limbs were cramped and tired from her long ride, she did not complain, nor did the children. With a smiling face she greeted her friends.

“Children, you must sit with the other little ones. Be careful not to make any noise. Sally, you will be held responsible for Joe.”

It was an old custom for the men to sit on one side of the church, the women in another section, and the children in a group by themselves. The smaller ones were watched over by a man who had a long pole with which he tapped children who became noisy, smartly on the head. A child that had once felt the tap of the pole, did not want to have it happen again.

After the singing of a few hymns, the long sermon began. Perhaps it was the heat in the church, perhaps it was the long ride in the open air that made Joe sleepy. At any rate, his curly head nodded, and soon he was leaning against Sally, fast asleep.

“Wake up, brother, please wake up. Oh, dear, here comes the man,” said Sally, as the man with the long pole approached. While the pole had a hard knob on one end, it was fortunate for Joe that there was a feather on the other end. This was used to keep not only the children awake, but their elders also. Sally was not able to waken her smaller brother before the end of the pole with the feather on it descended upon Joe’s nose, and he awoke, coughing and sneezing.

The children did not dare laugh or even smile at Joe. Like their elders, they were expected to sit stiffly in their seats, hour after hour, and listen to the sermon. It is not to be wondered at that Sally’s glance turned to the window where she could see the sunlit trees outside.

Finally the sermon was over, and the people rose to sing one of those grand old hymns that we sing in our churches today. The people walked slowly out of church. In cold weather, many

A TRUE STORY

brought their charcoal stoves, so that they would not become chilled during the long service in the unheated room.

Solemnly the people greeted each other, for this was Sunday, and a day for sober behavior and reflection. Little Joe, who had been sitting quietly so long, felt glad to be out under the blue sky once more.

Shyly Sally asked, "Mother, are we going to Aunt Sally's house for dinner?"

"Why, yes, I believe so," mother said. "Here comes Aunt Sally now," as her sister came towards them, leading her little girl, about Sally's age, by the hand.

Greetings were warmly exchanged, and Aunt Sally said:

"Now, my dear sister, you promised that you would come home to dinner with me the very next time you came to church. I have two wild roast turkeys ready, and Jonathan and I could not eat such a feast in a month, so you must not refuse."

"I would love to stay," mother replied. So it was decided that all the Dutcher family would have dinner at Aunt Sally's and Uncle Jonathan's cabin, which was inside the stockade. This sort of pioneer life was, of course, not as dangerous as the Dutcher's life in the open.

"How nice your cabin is since you have sanded the floor, Sally," Mrs. Dutcher said. "What an enormous bear skin. Is that the one of the beast that so nearly killed one of the boys in the settlement, and that Brother Jonathan shot?"

"Yes," said Aunt Sally. "Did the little people hear the story?"

"No, Aunt Sally, please tell us," clamored Sally and Joe together. Aunt Sally was never too busy to tell a story, and the children loved her very much.

So Aunt Sally began:

"It was a snowy day last winter. Darkness settled down early, so Peter decided to feed the stock and give them plenty of warm bedding. As he opened the door the oxen gave a low 'Moo' which might mean 'Hello.' Peter watered and fed the stock and started for the part of the barn where he kept the straw for their bed-



ding. It was so dark Peter could not see very well, but he knew his way so he did not carry a lantern.

“Finally, the animals were fixed for the night, and Peter locked the door from the outside, and started for the house. By this time the storm was blinding, and Peter had to work his way back by shoveling a path. It was lucky for Peter that he had a shovel, for this alone saved his life until Uncle Jonathan came to his rescue.

“Suddenly, a huge black bear appeared before Peter. He must have been shot and wounded for he could hardly stagger as he faced Peter. No doubt he thought, ‘Here is another enemy. I must crush him before anyone comes to his aid,’ for he lunged forward and tried to crush Peter with his great paws. Peter was too quick for the bear, and struck at its face repeatedly with his shovel, which confused him. If it had not been for his shovel Peter might have been killed there in the snowstorm. You may be sure Peter is proud of his snow shovel, and it hangs over the fireplace in his father’s cabin today.

“The bear was crazed with the pain of his wounds, and that and his great strength made it look badly for Peter, but just then Uncle Jonathan came up and shot the bear dead as it struggled with Peter. Both fell over in a heap. Uncle had to get help from the settlement to move the bear, as he was an enormous brute.

“Peter wanted Uncle Jonathan to keep the skin as he had saved Peter’s life. It is the largest skin in the post, and makes a warm covering for the floor.”

A TRUE STORY

"I want to shoot a bear like Uncle Jonathan, when I grow up," said Joe.

The children crawled down from Aunt Sally's lap, now that the story was told. As the two women turned to finish the dinner, which was partly cooked, the children were free to play as they pleased.

Joe tried to hide under the huge bear skin rug. From the outside he looked like a small lump, hardly bigger than the animal's head. Sally promptly pounced upon the lump, and Joe squealed and begged to be let out as he was being smothered.

"Children, are you not ashamed to play on the Sabbath day? I am surprised at you, Sally. You ought to know better than Joe. You must sit down on a chair and learn your catechism until dinner is ready."

Silently Sally obeyed, and Joe, who was too young to read, curled up on the rug where he could watch the preparations for dinner.

Soon the family were seated around the rough table made of split logs. The food was simple, but there was plenty for all; and all were hungry. Hot corn cake, hominy pounded by hand, potatoes baked in the fireplace, baked squash and wild turkey roasted whole. This was not unlike a dinner which might have been served in New England that very day, with the exception of the wild turkeys.

The children did not have to be told not to talk at the table. They had been trained to know that "children should be seen and not heard." Of course, the little ones were allowed to ask for their food, but withal, the meal was a quiet one.

It was the custom to say grace before eating. Many of the frontier men and women came from New England, and they had carried with them those religious beliefs that had caused them to come to America in the first place. This custom was one that their ancestors who arrived in the Mayflower had followed. Little Sally's mother was descended from the earliest settlers and never

LITTLE SALLY DUTCHER

tired of telling her children stories of the early days, which had been told her by her mother.

The children were put to rest before taking the long ride home. It would be long after darkness had settled down over the earth before the Dutcher family could expect to arrive at their own cabin, so Aunt Sally said:

"I do wish you would spend the night, Polly. I hate to have you take the long ride home in the dark. I see you so seldom, and we have had almost no visit at all."

"I know it, sister, but there are so many things to do before winter sets in. The spring is high now, and I feel that I must do a big washing tomorrow. Of course my husband will help me, and little Sally is a treasure. Do you know I have started her to spin, and she is not yet seven years old."

"That is quite young, even for a frontier girl, but then Sally is such a little woman, and she is so eager to learn."

"I think that she must take after her Aunt Sally in that," mother said. "Do you remember how I hated to sew?"

"Yes, and how proud you were when mother said you could set a perfect seam."

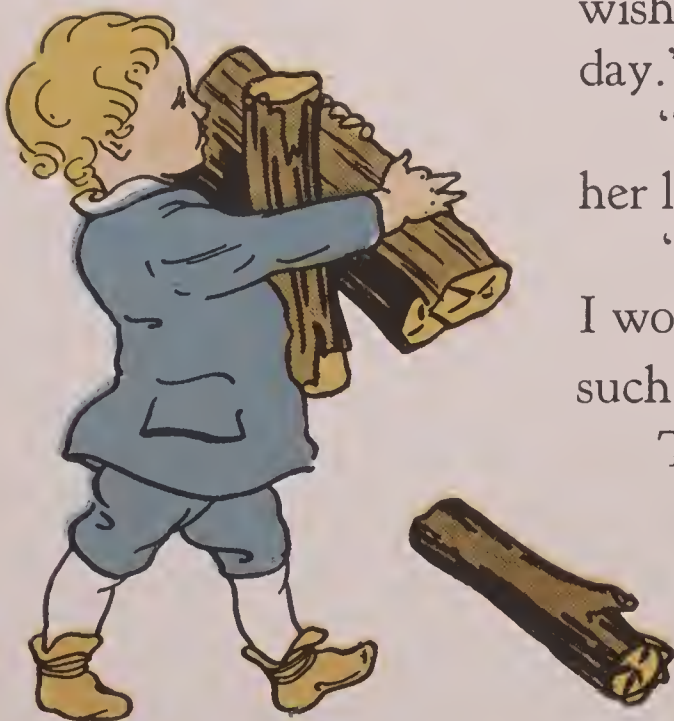
Goodbyes were said, and the Dutcher household started off. On and on they rode, and as night dropped down, Sally said:

"Hasn't it been a lovely day? I wish I could go to Aunt Sally's every day."

"What would mother do without her little girl?"

"Oh, I don't mean to stay, mother. I wouldn't want to live there, but it is such fun to visit."

The children were so sleepy they hardly knew when and how they reached home, after the close of this happy frontier Sabbath day.



A TRUE STORY

Autumn brought a full harvest of fruits and grain, as well as vegetables in abundance. There was plenty of Indian corn to be ground into cornmeal, or made into hominy for winter use, and salted and pickled meats galore. It was with a thankful heart that mother said:

“Father, I know how the Pilgrims felt when they had their first Thanksgiving. After all our labor, we have plenty. How can we show our gratitude to God for the harvest?”

“We might invite your sisters and brothers here, and my family, and have a feast.”

“Our cabin is too small, father. If we do not ask all, I am afraid some will feel hurt.”

Finally it was decided to have a great Thanksgiving dinner and all the aunts, uncles, and cousins were asked to come. As there were so many, the children were to eat after their elders had finished, for this was the only way Mrs. Dutcher could manage her large party.

When Sally and Joe were told about the Thanksgiving feast, they danced for joy.

“Then I can play with all my cousins, and show them my corncob dolls, and my tea sets made of acorns. Won't we have a good time, Joey?” Sally always called her brother Joey when she was very happy.

The children were allowed to do their share of work of getting ready for the visitors. Joe carried in wood until his arms were tired. Sally helped mother to peel apples and run errands. Mother was busy baking for several days, making cakes and pies. She had to use bear fat for shortening, which made very good pie crust. Better pies were never made in New England than the berry pies, pumpkin and mince pies that were baked and set away for Thanksgiving Day upon this occasion.

Father was able to shoot a deer which was partly cut up into steaks and partly stewed for the feast. Neighbor Greene brought a bear which he had killed, and this was roasted whole over a huge fire in the dooryard. Then, too, a whole flock of wild tur-



keys were sighted, and several shot. These were roasted over the fire in the fireplace.

Finally the great day dawned, clear and cold, and it brought with it all the aunts, uncles and cousins. A long table had been built, and, at last, the great dinner was ready. The big table bent under the weight of food, and the air was filled with delicious odors.

The guests had arrived on foot and horseback. There were large children, small children and babies with their parents, and all was bustle and noise.

“What a perfect day,” said some. “How good everything smells,” said others, or: “How hungry we are after the ride in the cold air.”

“We will sit down as soon as the minister comes,” said Mrs. Dutcher. The preacher was a very important person in frontier life, and no occasion was complete without him.

Soon his ruddy face was seen, as he came through the forest on horseback. He was a man greatly beloved along the entire frontier, and made his home first in one settlement and then in another. Like all pioneers he was a good marksman, and he was just as clever in caring for the sick and needy. There was not another man on the frontier like Steven Woods, for that was the preacher’s name.

A TRUE STORY

“Welcome, friend,” was the greeting from all sides. When the laughter and talking had quieted down, Mrs. Dutcher said:

“Come, good people, let us be seated. Mr. Woods, will you ask grace?”

Then the feasting began. The children were sent outdoors to play, and Sally had a romp with her cousins, girls of all ages. To the little girls she showed her playthings, all home-made but doubly dear because they were the only toys that frontier children had.

While the girls played with Sally’s dolls made of corncobs, and drank tea from an acorn tea set, the boys were exploring the barn. Frontier children never tired of playing that they were Indians and they loved to dress themselves in feather bands with long streamers floating from the back of the bonnet. It was in the midst of an exciting play-attack on the cabin that they were called to come in and get ready for dinner, as the older ones had finished at last.

This was a day that Sally and Joe never forgot. It was a day without mishap, a day of endless good things to eat, and cheer and happiness on all sides.

“How happy we are that there are no sick ones, that each one of us has plenty of food for the winter,” said Preacher Woods.

If you and I had to live in one room which was often cold, except in front of the fireplace, we might not think we were lucky. Yet the pioneer was happy in his deerskin or homespun clothes, and asked nothing better than a log cabin to protect him from the cold and his enemies.

Like all good things, the day had to come to a close. The guests departed with regrets that they must go. After the last one had left, there was heard a knock at the door. Father hastened to unlock the door, thinking that someone had returned.

Instead of one of his family, there stood five Indians. Since the attack of the early spring when the Indians had burned Neighbor Greene’s cabin, the settlers had not seen much of the

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Indians. Father did not want to offend the savages, and yet he did not trust them to enter. So he said:

“What does my red brother wish today?”

“Indian chief send white brother present,” and they held up a belt beaded in gay patterns.

“Thank your great chief,” said Mr. Dutcher. “Will not my red brothers enter my cabin and eat of the great feast prepared for my white brothers?”

“The red brothers thank their white brother,” said the leader.

Little Sally and Joe were afraid of the five Indians, and hid behind their mother’s skirts. With the same kindly manner that she had served her own family, Mrs. Dutcher helped her Indian guests to the remains of the huge Thanksgiving feast, and they ate hungrily.

After grunts of thankfulness, the Indians departed into the night. Father barred the front door, and mother said with a sigh:

“We surely have a great deal to be thankful for, father, and for nothing more than that the Indians are friendly to us again.”

“Father, what do you call this belt?” Sally asked.

“This is a wampum belt, and it stands for friendship between the chief and ourselves so long as we both live.”

“Isn’t it pretty, Joe?” asked Sally.

“Do you suppose father will let us play with it?”

“No, children, this is one of our most precious possessions and father will hang it over the fireplace, where we can always see it.”

And so our story closes with the end of Thanksgiving day, with Little Sally Dutcher and her family chatting happily in their simple but cozy log cabin on the frontier of what is now one of the greatest states of our great country.



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